

"AM I NOT THIS TO THEE."

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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A fairy dream that came
With evanescent light,
Across thy heart of flame
One early autumn night—
Am I not this to thee?

A pearl cast at thy feet,
And worn by thee—an hour,
Then left where wild waves beat,
The plaything of their power—
Am I not this to thee?

A lone and languid rose,
That in thy smile might bloom
But on the distance throws
Vainly its faint perfume—
Am I not this to thee?

A sad and timid star
That lured thy gaze awhile,
Now shining on afar,
Forgotten by thy smile—
Am I not this to thee?

A *half*-remembered strain
That once entranced thine ear,
Whose music thou again
Wilt sometimes sigh to hear—
Am I not *this* to thee?
